ATTENTION

SEXUAL ORIENTED
MATERIAL ENCLOSED.

PLEASE DISCARD IF
NOT REQUESTED.

NOT FOR SALE
TO MINORS.

had the wherewithal to strip away the mask of propriety and hold the real sucker up to the light of millions. It's not sex now like it was then -banal, thoughtless, repetitive and empty. It's sex like it is now -sold like reality. Angry, vengeful and cruel. Someone's little game, someone's little true self, ripped from the cartoon that told her to open up and share and trust, and now paraded about like a mean spirited school prank. That, at its best, could leave the tiny wonder horse beaten down for good. But in any case the audience for such a thing exists only in knowing the circumstances and perhaps, lusting towards the ramifications.

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PARASITE

PARASITE

TONYA & JEFF'S "WEDDING NIGHT"
(PENTHOUSE video)

HE LEAVES THEM HANGING
Bryan Davis Gallery
(Close-up Concepts)

HOTEL BONDAGE FANTASY
Bryan Davis Gallery
(Close-up Concepts)

MANIC STREET PREACHERS
Holy Bible CD
(Epic)

THE CULT
The Cult CD
(Sire/Reprise)

Everything is not permitted.

All the old jokes get closer everyday.

Keeping the light off when you plow through your wife's bestial womb: that rank fat gaping pig's hole you see every bad breath work-a-day morning spreading and puffing as it stuffs up more drugs food creams tampons toilet paper perfume fly spray fingers. Why don't you just blow me tonight, making it sound like friendly fun.

Or the girl at the deli section. How you'd like to drag her right across the counter and pound nails into her hard fleshed face skull and broken teeth. Rip her stained apron and Sears blouse off and chew at her wobbly breasts. Maybe have her enjoy it B-movie style with the sheen and the dark smile locked door with the closed sign that pulls down while she twitches her tight tan lined thong pulled ass. A nurse uniform. Cop. Blonde hair, a stupid peach slash and empty eyes. Milk tits and a trimmed cunt.

Or maybe revenge. Freudian, existential, righteous or simple script safe like:

Didn't exactly appreciate the way she looked at you -her bad day mood had nothing to do with you.

Despised her when she ignored you. And you look just fine, don't you, honey?

If that ain't big enough for you I know a coke bottle that'll be just fine, you ugly fucking cunt.

How about something about your mother or father or brother -the brother that made you suck his penis downstairs in the family room. And now how you desire packed male ass 'cause it's what you had to watch in the window in the wall behind your brother as he pumped and grinded in your getting bigger all the time adolescent pure mouth. Those muscles in his teenage jiggling butt cheeks and he told you to cup his hanging dog balls. How clean his cock felt when he yanked out of your face. How smooth and neat and full your aching

ART

"In this thousand years of silence, the camera is invented and pictures are made of you while these things are being done. You hear the camera clicking or whirring as you are being hurt, keeping time to the rhythm of your pain. You always know that the pictures are out there somewhere, sold or traded or shown around or just kept in a drawer. In them, what was done to you is immortal. He has them; someone, anyone, has seen you there, that way.This is unbearable. What he felt as he watched you as he used you is always being done again and lived again and felt again through the pictures-your violation his arousal, your torture his pleasure. Watching you was how he got off doing it; with the pictures he can watch you and get off any time."
(ONLY WORDS, C. A. MacKinnon, Harvard)

Ms. MacKinnon understands and appreciates true art. She knows that art can only be those images and representations that cease to be safe and removed and turn instead into reality. Where incidents

head -the taste at the roof and back of your mouth, in your gullet and lungs and tummy- felt when you gulped again to make sure. He was done. You didn't choke.

Danny Rolling-

"In his fantasies he had control even over his life and death. He could watch people die and they couldn't do a damn thing about it. He masturbated through the imagined scenes of death, shaping his revenge by fantasizing acts of increasing sadistic violence against the world, but against women in particular. It was his mother who was to blame for not fulfilling her most important function -protecting him."
(THE GAINESVILLE RIPPER, Mary S. Ryzuk, Donald I. Fine,1994)

Peter Kurten-

"The long sentences I served when still quite young had a very bad effect on me. Other prisoners think of naked women and masturbate. This I did very seldom. I got no pleasure from it. I got my climax of enjoyment when I imagined something horrible in my cell in the evenings. For instance, slitting up somebody's stomach, and how the public would be horrified. The thought of wounding was my peculiar lust and it was in that way that I got my ejaculations. I can remember exactly how it happened in 1905 in the prison at Metz. There, for the first time, I got an ejaculation by thinking of grievous woundings and the actual killing of people. That went on for years. If I hadn't had that I would have hanged myself. There is really nothing astonishing about the fact, having got out of prison, well used to such imaginings, I was urged to do the things."
(THE SADIST, Karl Berg M.D., Medical Press of NY, 1954)

Ian Brady-

"ATTORNEY-GENERAL: You have read de Sade?
IAN BRADY: Yes.
AG: Enjoyed it?
IB: Yes.
AG: Approved of it?
IB: Some of it.
AG: The bits about murder?
IB: No.
AG: 'Murder is a horror but a horror often necessary; never criminal, and essential to tolerate in a republic.' I suggest that is precisely what you were indoctrinating Smith in.
IB: I was not indoctrinating him in anything. That book is Smith's book. I don't know why he has denied it -he has got worse ones than that.
AG: This was the diet you were consuming. Pornographic books, books on violence and murder?
IB: No pornographic books. You can buy them at any bookstall.
AG: They are dirty books, Brady?
IB: It depends on the dirty mind. It depends on your mind."
(THE TRIAL OF IAN BRADY AND MYRA HINDLEY, Jonathan Goodman, David & Charles, 1973)

This will not be what you want. Chances are almost nil that you'll ever see what you want -and even then, seeing may be misunderstood as touching, feeling, owning, plowing. Chances are better that you've confused what you want with what you'll settle for in the meantime. The cheap has become the wish. And the mistake is thinking that what you want is correct. That in your fantasies lies what you need for happiness; that your needs constitute the truth about you.

What's available is highly limited.

Natural, and nature, doesn't exist.

The great pizza-skinned boiling fat blob rolls over and matter and affect. It is that which is more than a record or document, more than a process or captured thought or idea. It doesn't seek to teach or point or display or market. It doesn't explain. Rather, it controls and creates and forces. It has consequence.

If only it was as easy and available as Ms. MacKinnon so desperately wants it to be.

One of the October editions of NOVA, available through most major public TV stations in the U.S. the week of the 15th to the 21st is another loving look into the case of Genie. Titled "Secret Of The Wild Child", NOVA brings Genie's life -a little girl tied to a potty chair for 13 years in near total isolation save the brutal feedings and occasional scare and attack, forever damaged through one of the most extreme forms and examples of child abuse ever- to an audience needing to know more.

NOVA follows the Russ Rymer book 'GENIE' (see PARASITE #3 - ABUSE) almost to the letter, given the limitations of a one hour overview. Included are all the characters that investigated Genie's rare situation and problems and needs (and in many ways further propagated her abuse) as well as those people who were interested in helping and rendered his problems in public. The September '94 issue of SELECT's porno expose' seemed to raise the stakes:

WHAT TURNS YOU ON?
Richey: "The books that I find erotic, that turn me on are stuff like Dennis Cooper's FRISK, or Mishima's CONFESSIONS OF A MASK, or JG Ballard's CRASH -which is very sexual all the way through.(...) It's very violent. There's a Japanese film called TETSUO, THE IRON MAN. I love that film. (...) I find it really sexy. I think people are becoming more machine-like and that's the imagery I like. Also sex and death are closely linked. Sado-masochistic imagery, bleeding."
IS THAT WHY YOU CUT YOURSELF UP A LOT?
Richey: "I find it attractive. I find it...sexual."
WOULD YOU BE TURNED ON BY A VIOLENT PORN FILM?
Richey: "No, that doesn't interest me at all. I think that just sex between people is really quite crushingly dull. All the magazines here...I can't find anything sexy in them. Men with non-erect dicks or man on top of woman, woman on top of man -it just bores the fuck out of me. Essentially porn is totally, fundamentally boring. It's for 13-year-old kids."

And then Richey entered the hospital. Just before the release of the Manic's third lp; THE HOLY BIBLE. Just before an important show at Reading Festival. Richey was committed under his own orders for problems relating to his self-abuse: mental instability, depression and anorexia.

Now, in the same issue of Melody Maker that featured Ian Astbury's cheap confessions, another headline. MANICS LIVE IN FRANCE: RICHEY RETURNS! "Apparently, Richey feels his recent actions affronted himself, and let the band down badly, and is being super-disciplined with himself now. 'He's wanted to cut himself on this tour', James says, wincing,'but he hasn't. And that's a first.' Richey looks well -very well- and, more than that, beautiful; and seems reasonably happy. Things are stabilising."

More to the point Richey adorns his set list with a quote from Andrea Dworkin: I ALSO HAD NIGHTMARES. SOMEHOW ALL THE FEELINGS I DIDN'T FEEL WHEN EACH THING HAD ACTUALLY HAPPENED TO ME I DID FEEL WHEN I SLEPT.

And the lyrics on HOLY BIBLE reflect Richey's confusion as well as his tastes: "dulling, get money, but nothing turns out like you want it to/and in these plagued streets of pity you can buy anything/for $200 anyone can conceive a God on video/he's a boy, you want a girl so tear off his cock/tie his hair in bunches, fuck him, call him Rita if you want/I eat and I dress and I wash and I still can say thank you/puking-shaking-sinking I still stand for old ladies/ can't shout, can't scream, hurt myself to get pain out"

Can you imagine someone stupid enough to release a CD of a Hermann Nitsch aktion and not include pictures?

Intentions are clear. And immaterial. The reasons, the explanations, the rationalizations -the heightened awareness-work in puberty. Maybe. And in advertising and in court. If you're lucky.

What may look like two goons playing out mindless motions under the duress of moral conditioning where words like weak, stupidity and lust are somehow explained by words like love, care and selflessness, is actually an abusive circus of easy pickings and cheap laughs.

When Tonya Harding sucks her husband's cock -which is actually obscured courtesy of Tonya's long hair and poor porn star manners- the impression made is that this is far more than just a blow job. Nothing like the close up tongue on meat technique of all the others. And more than the dragging down of a shiny media figure to dirt cheap even level. In the same way that her flap-jack breasts, ice skater's ass cheeks and Howdy Doody gape fully exposed are more than simple relief at finally seeing what has been teasingly hidden and hinted at. And knowing the emptiness of the hugs and pats, the locked kisses and bodies pressed tightly in love over sex conceit is nothing in the final expression of TONYA & JEFF'S "WEDDING NIGHT". The final thought and taste that runs the entire 22 minutes or so of these kids' honeymooned moment is that of the extra eye that only Jeff Gillooly cared enough to include over Tonya's grasping and clawing head and hands. While all the cheesey, pathetic moral hopes were being fashioned into a young girl's dreams made flesh, one man

filthy, filthy fingers and hands, once or twice depending on how generous you felt that night."

Because it's not there on the screen. Or in the grooves or cold flat pictures and letters. The foolish think there are laws against the things they want to see. And the fools line up and play and pretend and wait and hope. And they search where cops and perverts hide and seek support. The fools think they don't know where to look or how to get what they need. In reality, they don't know how to look. Too caught up in second best.

Catharine MacKinnon says:
"Pornography contains ideas, like any other social practice. But the way it works is not as a thought or through its ideas as such, at least not in the way thoughts and ideas are protected as speech. Its place in abuse requires understanding it more in active than in passive terms, as constructing and performative rather than as merely referential or connotative."
(ONLY WORDS, Catharine A. MacKinnon, Harvard, 1993)

Andrea Dworkin says:
"With this formidable history and ongoing reality of women as sexual property, it is not surprising that men conspicuously view themselves as authentic persons and the others clustered around them, especially their sexual intimates, especially women and children, as objects."
(PORNOGRAPHY, Andrea Dworkin, Dutton, 1989)

Tina Russell says:
"I do not like to see "come shots" in films simply because they are very unnatural. The necessity for the "come shot" -the man ejaculating outside- is, I would guess, so the audience know that the guy really came. I would also guess that there are deeper psychological reasons for this need."
(PORNO STAR, Tina Russell, Lancer, 1973)

Ian Astbury of The Cult, in the October 8th issue of MELODY MAKER, flogging his band's eponymous new lp:
"One of the themes of the album is about where I am now, and what I've been through in the last three years. 'Black Sun', for instance, is a really intimate song that talks about cycles of abuse. I went to 12 schools, and at every school I was bullied. I just became really introverted, and then I became a punk -which in Glasgow in 1978 meant that you might as well have been from another planet. Also, on a much more personal level, it's talking about being a victim of sexual abuse, and carrying around the shame of that and thinking it was my fault. When I was 15 I was sexually abused by the manager of a restaurant I was working in. I had to work in the restaurant to get money because my mother was dying."

And:
"I think one of the diseases of being British is that we tend to say, 'Oh yeah, well, this happened to me when I was a kid but it's all right now' -when really it's fucking not. We tend to slag off the Americans for being open about their healing, but what's the other option? To carry on living in denial, and let it fester and destroy you? I want to let it out, fuck it, I don't want to carry that around."

"GONNA GET YOU NOW/GONNA PUT YOU DOWN/GONNA STICK YOU IN THE GROUND/GONNA STICK YOU IN THE GROUND" and "YOU GOT NO HOLD ON ME/YOU GOT NO PIECE OF ME" screams Ian on 'Black Sun', just after he, more reasonably, intoned:

"Don't you hurt that defenseless child
What gives you the empty right
Carry that around for the rest of your life
Carry that for the rest of time"

And those photos of Richey from the Manic Street Preachers. All sliced up and bleeding -in Bangkok, no less. The early gore photos of tacky rock n' roll antics razor bladed and grinning have just a few years later given way to personal snaps and blank stares and more and more spilling and smeared blood.

It just figured that it was only a short matter of time before he had to pay for the problem: or at least acknowledge it. But it kept missing the mark -Richey seemed to be getting away with it and more: Americans weren't paying attention, thank fuck, and the little skinny wreck was able to work out over. Lumbers on barking and burping and gassing and shitting and drooling and eating and humping and spewing and swallowing through:

Amsterdam. Shots of little babies -no more than two, maybe only one- being held upside down by their naked chubby legs while an older thin pale man buries his drawn stubbled face into the child's just bud genitals.

Found in the 'Family Section' you were told didn't exist. And in the stack of items behind the counter, brought out when the proprietor was convinced of your honest interest.

Hard cocks in their small unlined faces and wide eyes, plummed deep inside holes no bigger than dimes at their bleeding shrieking biggest.

Children for sale. Rooms with spittoons and hand lotion. Transsexuals in windows. Wet blow jobs from fags laden with marks and scars and brain damage.

Japan. S/M porno for the rape-minded. Tied up and dragged til they cease their crying. Passing out from the drugs, pain or smoke. Orifices stretched and prodded and examined. Young women and younger boys. And the dens.

Iran. The hangings and the pistols. The screaming and grabbing and frenzy. The religious excuses and soulless suffering: breathing corpses devoid of personality. A curious lack of empathy as they sweat and dart their eyes around the crowd just before the door drops.

Bosnia. Rape camps. Teens and babies and all ages in between. And mothers with aged holes and folds and daughters and sons and husbands. And grandmothers. Old bags dried and worthless and wanting. Being mentally and vaginally destroyed tens of times a day. Chattel. Like dogs -raw and bent over and dead. Numbers that can't count shot bloody in everyday streets, dirty and whimpering into straw, concrete and mud. Mamas dripping in their blood and whining through brain-washed tears shouting and howling at the clear sky.

Germany. Full of easy flowing rushes of piss and fat globs of chewy steaming runny shit. Brusk corpulent bellies and thick backed cellulite dotted thighs lolling and farting and smearing. Double bottle penetration. Brown and Golden wash and eat. Teens and fists. Blonde, portly and slippery and mean.

And the camps.

And the blood.

And that rican on the corner. Standing there holding court for that squat hooded porker with the hideous tufts of large orange hair puffing and blowing out all over that square stunted mama head. Her fat spic greasy liver lips slathered over with lumpy bright pink chewable lipstick and covered again and again by an easy pound of lardish gluey poundcake make-up. Her huge oxen ass all bustled up and crammed into those worn tight Levis. Fat puckered rolled thighs and belly all blubbering over her meaty thick cunt lips and hot stinking bush and black fucking hole. Pig in a hip hop parka and honking at the garbage that spills from the rican stud's slippery latin lips.

He fucks that thing. That sweaty sleazy bitchy teenager. He strains those fine cut muscles behind those hand scrawled and poked gang tattoos and digs deep into the only personality that short dead cow has to offer. He cums into that hell and somehow creates another screaming puking, money sucking, hole fucking, table clearing ant for the busy ant farm.

powerless.

Genie's case is an incredible and monumental one. The circus that surrounded her crushed and continuing life (as well as the impulses that created it) is far too great to be properly covered in such a small amount of time. Even with the two extant books; the details, facts and extraordinary branches of thought necessary for a complete view of Genie's plight is still relegated to highlights and speculation. And though missing much of the sexual components of Genie's pain -like the chronic masturbation, fecal obsession, and her father's sickness -the NOVA episode does contain that one important item sorely missing from all the other accounts. The one that Catharine A. MacKinnon would miss most. Genie on film.

Footage of Genie doing her "bunny walk" just after her release from the tiny room and chair. Film of her learning to barely talk and sign. She throws a fit. She smiles. She becomes nervous and frightened. And in the finale, after being abused again so severely by a foster parent who objected to Genie's vomiting, the camera catches the young lady refusing to speak ever again: Genie's face and her violent, sad, jerky,

And you wonder: where else does he stick that dick? Does he fuck men too? Just for fun? Just for some wet rough sport, maybe humiliating, fun?

Would he let you suck that rican cock of his? Would he beat the fuck out of you if you even asked? Maybe he would. Maybe he would pull it out. Tease you while you wait for what you want and what he may give you. That fat rican uncircumcised fleshy flaccid thick meat waving at you. Held in one of those angry tough fists. Bunched up and threatening, anticipating. Let you taste it. Lick it -show him what you can do with your mouth before you think that the only difference in muscle taste is in the smell of the underwear that sticks to their pubic hair. Poke at the large curled skin at the long end of the tube that nestles large in your shaking palm, so gently trying to gauge weight and sensitivity. Brush the protruding teary piss hole and push your tongue's end in and out, searching for some feeling, some taste, some reaction, some memory, some piss and cum and hole stink. Swallow down the smell and the filth and caress and slurp with your stretched mouth all up and down and stop and lick and stare and stroke and what would happen if you rubbed his tight-fitting clenched ugly asshole with a quick flat fingertip now. Reach down and beat off. Pull your own hard penis and suck his up and down with the exact same technique. Two cocks all one hungry pig faggot.

And after he cums in your face. Straight down your throat. On your chest and stomach; all over your pants and cheeks and jutting lower lip -would he beat you up then? And would you like him to? Especially now. Drenched in his cum and weak in your need and empty of your lust bravery. Can't you just taste it now? That long rican muscle meat cock and hairy full balls shaking in your soaked face and over your head as the pain in your skin echos the tightness in your sloppy mouth and jaw. The blood you taste in your mouth, the blackness in front of your eyes when you pass out and under.

Imagine getting the wrong idea. Imagine doing all that work and not getting what you want. Imagine it being the only thing -right then it seemed like always- and never finding release. Or not realizing. Not knowing. Imagine just stopping dead in the middle of numb answers and placating bits and scraps.

What can you possibly control. What can you keep under control.

LATIN SEX QUARTERS (Sun Films) features a 12 inch cock on some animal who plugs a sleazy rican slut -though this one is more of the skinny crack variety rather than the torta chomping mama-teat beast variety- and then pimps over to a short fag spic mouth, lisp and stutter and apology and all, to face fuck and pop. Bus boys, corner slags, cheap and disgusting labor driven by little plastic figurines of the mother mary or bleary eyed christ paintings hung around roach holes smelling like grease and lard and hot liquor and stale beer.

The amateur ghetto is getting too big. The appeal of the ugly plague is spreading faster than Freud and AIDS put together. All those gangly blank fucks and sewer holes you might be able to slide into one day. Or your next door neighbor. The stumbling toad at the deli-counter and your zaftig boss and its stupid condescending smile, your friend's girlfriend's bubbly gait. A teacher. Gym coach. A hotel romp. A bar story. And so easy.

Without the confines of those all powerful words: love, slow, fearful movements try to sign and convey her regression. Her never ending pain and rejection. Over and over and over again.

The 16th issue of FATAL VISIONS -a gore 'zine from Australia- features an article from murderer G.J. Schaefer. In "BETSY BLOOD: PROFITING FROM PAIN, Mr. Schaefer interviews Ms. Blood of the title who, we are told, was "a product of Monique Von Cleef's House Of Pain" and current used panty trader and fetish model.

"I stay away from things that are against the law", Betsy replies when asked about her involvement with Snuff films. But Betsy is much more forthcoming about child pornography and murder fetishes. She also muses on The Hand Of Death and Aileen Wuornos. Dear, dear.

Fellows with this sort of bent may also want to investigate the following:
KNOCKIN' ON JOE (VOICES FROM DEATH ROW)(Sondra London, Nemesis, 1993)
HAND OF DEATH (THE HENRY LEE LUCAS STORY)(Max Call, Prescott Press,1985)
THE HOUSE OF PAIN (Monique von Cleef, Lyle Stuart)

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USA

respect, hedonism. And would you like another drink, a ride home, and really, I think that's very interesting. Would you like another lick? Am I hurting you that way? I'm sorry, I didn't realize ....do you like the lights on?

So much closer to home. No California smiles, huge hair and rock hard surgeon's tits that the glossy boxes used to hawk.

Where'd you get that scar?

A demure hand tries unsuccessfully to hide a flabby belly.

Bad teeth and an OK face, I guess.

Big tits in a black bra that sink into watery flesh stripped vein rags when set free. Natural. And demystifying.

Tattoos, backwater stupidity, anal suburban charm and Las Vegas brains. Swinging smarminess and your mom and dad.

"Jesus christ, you can barely move now -I've never had a girl ask me to tie her hands tighter."

Bryan Davis wants to play out your rape fantasy -or more correctly, your kidnap, pose and go home fantasy. With his proud collection of ropes, hanging contraptions and bondage racks. And his studied and fretted knowledge of all the best cubscout knot methods and fetish airs, Mr. Davis sets up his little camera and tripod and starts to play. Employing a not quite model-type titled Tina Marie,who has a disturbing tendency towards talking and not shaving her cunt to ass-crack shrubbery, Mr. Davis offers depressingly average bondage fare. But the intention -that which sells the tape in the first place- was bound to be greater than the false promise and play-acting guaranteed by its easy availability.

Sadly, Davis won't even deliver a crumb. HOTEL BONDAGE FANTASY begins with a laborious parking lot abduction. Tina Marie is set upon by Davis and made to drop her briefcase and purse as she tries to unlock the door to her car. Davis straps her ankles and wrists with electrician's tape and gags her mouth. He spirits her away to a hotel and forces her to strip in a stairwell. The "just cooperate and I won't hurt you too bad" lines are all there. But the ever affable Tina is in luck as Davis is being perfectly honest. And even Tina seems to be disappointed. "Actually, this has been a fantasy of mine for some time" the hirsute toy becomes fond of adding to Davis' weasely little threats and burps. Storyline and metaphor aside, the power packed into the ties and binds, nipple tweaks and basic action (including Tina being affixed to a hotel chair one entire night and being spread eagled with a pole taped between her ankles) is about equal to listening to barroom bores talking about what TV star they'd like to eat out.

HE LEAVES THEM HANGING features Davis, Tina Marie and Angel.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" Davis asks. "I need to -it'll help me out with my work and my personal life", Tina replies. And the chances for any screaming, pleading cunts hung and forgotten or hung and beaten into bawling inches of their sad desperate little lives go straight down the toilet of goofy ReSearch modern primitive new age thank you slap and tickles. Time wasters.

You'd like that contraption, wouldn't you? Hang that cunt up. Put that pole on her ankles and jam a pool cue so far up that forest pit that her nose snots, bleeds and breaks. Red and unable to move with her fat monster snatch all splayed out and yanked open, waiting and fearing and begging against a boot or fist or a broken bottle.

Want to hear her peck and cry and screech.

And tell you how much it hurts.

Want to hear her "I hate you. I hate you. I hate you."

The way that Lydia Lunch growls the words together through her teeth at the end of DADDY DEAREST.In the 3 CD set CRIMES AGAINST NATURE. Sounds the way you want it to be. Regardless of why it exists.

"Even when your greasy fingers would start working their greasy way into my little asshole."

A somewhat different version of DADDY DEAREST is available in transcript form in her book INCRIMINATING EVIDENCE (Last Gasp), but your desire may be more specific:

"Almost crying because it felt so good when I'd hear you spit on your